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VOL. 4. NO. 95

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1861.

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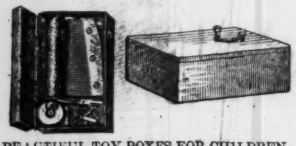

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Most respectfully, CARL SCHURZ.

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HUMORS OF THE WAR.

CALL THEY THIS CIVIL WAR? IT REALLY SEEMS TO ME THAT THE WAY THEY THROW BULLETS ABOUT IS DEUCEDLY UNCIVIL.

CAMPAIGNING—No. 5.—"THE CAMP."

Troops encamped, are lodged in Tents, though to all in-tents, Huts may answer the same purpose. When a camping party are seeking an eligible site for their camp, they look well for water and sharp for wood; though the former may disagreeably drop in upon them without any seeking whatever. This is one way to be sure, but there are many others in a soldier's life, in which he is expected to go through Fire and Water to some purpose.

After a Battalion is halted, the Color line is first established—a Staff officer being detached for that object. Behind this line the camp is regularly laid out in streets, which according to the ground vouchsafed, may be either Boulevards or Alleys. One well-named Party called the Fatigue, Stir their Stumps for tail. Another called the Foragers, endeavor to make Provisions for the inner man; the Party, after a hard day's march the most likely to have a stomach for its job. During this time everybody not otherwise lawfully occupied, is engaged in Pitching the tents, a proceeding calculated to turn things topsy-turvy indeed. Straws show which way the wind blows; thus, the Soldier may judge of his stay by being ordered—or not—to spread his bed. But in Camp the soldier generally enjoys the luxury of his couch, if we do not couch the idea in too flattering terms. His tent measured by the Rule of war,—an iron one at that, is considered capable of holding at least six men, with an extra allowance at times, on the principle, we suppose, of the more the merrier. How they contrive to get into the arms of Morpheus, with so many of their own, including their Firelocks, thrown about, is a wonder; they lay head and feet together; that appears to be the long and the short of it.

A Tent is considered as impervious to water, but if a drop may perforate a stone, there is a tide even in the impenetrability of a Tent. An officers Marquee may have its windows according to fancy, but a Soldier's Tent must depend upon its Sky light alone.

In Camp the Soldier rises with the Sun's raise. The drum revelling in his confusion starts him from his sleep; this is called the Reveillè. He stumbles out, gapes, yawns and snuffs the air, a proceeding peculiar to War Chargers. He is now fairly started upon his endless duties, which they facetiously enough call his Round.

Roll call is first and we may say, last of his attentions. A nameless number of times does he reply to it. It is, in truth, one of the many tests applied to discover the capabilities of a good soldier and see if he will answer. The Government having charged itself with the maintenance of the Recruit, takes care to see that he is well found afterwards.

Breakfast is next on the Carpet.

A recruit prepares his own meals, which to believe his own statements are rather Bad Coffee for him. He generally takes them with an ill Grace—standing. He is a great grumbler over his fare, and his assertions are wholesale in regard to the miserable victuals thrust before him, that should be taken, however, with a grain of salt. The truth is, too many are disposed to carry their old tastes into their new business.

Before he eats he is obliged to set his tent in order,—ventilate its Rheums, as it were, A few Filings or so by way of drill, help also to sharpen his appetite. By this time the drum is again rumbling, and we may, say that once started it keeps on Rolling increasing as it goes. Its Calls are of every description, and keep the unhappy soldier Plying and Re-plying all the while, at one task or other.

A list of these musical changes may be oppor-tune. There is the Reveillè at sunrise, the Retreat at sunset, and the Tattoo at bed-time. The first may be called the Tit,—the second the Tat, and the last—why, the last may be called the Tat too, of the Soldier's existence. These are tediously diversified by a variety of other Calls, such as the "General," the "Assembly," Lights, Guard, Police, Orders, Surgeon, Drill, &c., and a good many odd matters that there appears to be no Call for at all.

At bed time the soldier turns in and takes his own Roll,—even now he may be the victim of the Long Roll, which is beaten at dead of night in case of an attack, and by a dreaming drummer, like as not. These things mostly make up the Grand Role of a military Encampment.

Soldiers do their own cooking in ordinary. They are dished for this job by turns and take Pot luck for it. Thus one will cook the joint that the other may Picket.

In the evening a Soldier not on duty plays cards, tells stories, or sings his songs. Thus he wiles his time away. But at Tattoo, out go the lights and in come the men:—the thread of the conversation is broken off,—the Yarn is summarily wound up,—the Song goes a-humming and the Deuce takes the game. This last summons puts his pipe completely out.

The camp life of a soldier is perhaps the most pleasant part of his existence, yet if continued too long, he begins to grumble as usual, on the score, we expect, that too much of a good thing is good for nothing. It has its daily routine of duties, and if those of a military nature are not sufficient, the scavenger work of the mimic town, always keeps him with something on his hands.

Now then, Stupid!

The N. Y. *Times* people lately put a man up in the country to do correspondence for their journal. The other day he favored them with this highly seasoned and delicate compliment:

"Do you know that I fancy one can always tell what paper a man takes by the expression of his face. The readers of the *Tribune* always have a bewildered look; those of the *Herald* look depraved, dejected or disgusted by turns—sometimes all three expressions are visible on their faces at once; the *World* people invariably look stupid and befogged; while it is noticeable that a man with a *Times* in his hand has generally an intelligent countenance, and looks as though he knew what he was reading about."

This rather out-Herald's the *Herald*, which achieved the leather medal in the self-laudation business years ago. As the editor of the *Times* must necessarily read the *Tribune*, *Herald*, and *World* daily, in order to find subject matter for venting his extra-official spleen—it stands to reason that, in the language of his rural "own" he "always has a bewildered look—looks depraved, dejected or disgusted, by turns, sometimes all three expressions are visible on his face"—and finally, "invariably looks stupid and befogged." If the *Times'* country scribbler ever meets with a longer pair of ears than his own, he will distinguish himself by forwarding them by express to this office where they will be duly exhibited.

Cotton Supply.

The London Times announces that England's emancipation from American cotton "is simply a question of eight or nine millions of pounds." The pounds, we understand, are to be administered to the blacks in India, and as most of them are naked, it can very easily be done.

Yankee Manufactures.

HOLMES' pun and LOWELL prints.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

A.—And will not Hector grant his Andromache one boon?

H.—Speak dearest.

A.—Will he not give her, before he departs to fight the battles of his country, one lock of his hair?

Hector orders his chariot, and leaves in disgust.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

In Humble Imitation of the Three Fishermen, by Kingsley.

Three soldiers went marching out from the west—
Out from the west to the south went down;
Each thought of the woman that loved him best,
As the crowd stood watching them out of the town.
For women must weep, and men must be brave,
There's a flag to defend and a country to save,
Though the wounded are suffering and moaning.

Three colonels sat in their uniforms nice—
In their uniforms nice as the sun went down;
They had voted for Lincoln, and read Harper twice,
And were therefore supposed to have done it up brown:
For we must have colonels to lead forth our brave,
It matters but little how they behave,
Though the wounded lie suffering and moaning.

Three bodies are there 'mid the wounded and dead—
'Mid the wounded and dead as the sun went down,
The army is scattered, the colonels have fled,
And the soldiers will never return to the town:
For women must weep, and men must be brave,
While the ravens that lead shun the patriot's grave,
And the wounded lie suffering and moaning.

THE RICHMOND MARKET, AS WE REMARK IT.

In Richmond, says the *Enquirer*, "bacon is very scarce, and the receipts from the country light, owing to the difficulty of transportation."

In and around Washington, on the contrary, bacon, the soldiers say, is rather too abundant. And the receipts from the (South) country are decidedly dark, owing to the transportation being "contraband."

"Prices," in Richmond, "are very irregular."

It would seem from this, that the family of prices were following the erratic example of General P., of Missouri. With us, now, prices are encouragingly on the increase, but are spelt with a Z.

"The stock of coffee," at Richmond, "is nearly exhausted."

Well, let them fall back on the past dividends. Or for that matter, their experience in gold-mine speculations should make it easy for them to get up a new "bogus stock" in almost anything. Besides, at the worst, they can make coffee out of their "old rye."

"Liverpool Salt," continues the *Enquirer*, "is still held tightly at $7.50." This outherods Herod! It has been suspected—more than suspected, that the Rebels had impressed British seamen into their piratical service. But we were scarcely prepared to hear that any Liverpool "salt" was actually "held" in durance vile at Richmond, for the paltry sum of $7.50. We beg to call this flagrant outrage to the notice of Lord Lyons.

The *Enquirer's* report winds up by stating, that

"Receipts of tobacco are heavy," in the Virginia capital, "and the warehouses so crowded that inspection will soon have to be suspended."

We have heard before of the crowded states of the Richmond warehouses, but understood it was chiefly with "measly" Rebel soldiers. As to the "suspension" business, they had best leave that to us. We'll go a step further than they, and suspend the inspectors, along with a cheerful number of other Rebels, we trust before very long.

"Therefore."

The logical conclusions at which newspaper correspondents now and then arrive are not always apparent to the matter-of-fact reader. For instance, we are told by the Washington correspondent of the *Herald* that:

"A doubt is thrown upon the report of the death of Ben. McCulloch, because he has no son."

If there is a new regulation of Nature according with the above announcement, we may expect to see "contradicted rumors" put forth in the newspapers somewhat in the following terms:

"We are requested to state that there is not foundation in fact for the reported demise of our respected fellow citizen Alderman Snaggles. Those who are posted up in the domestic arrangements of Joseph Snaggles Esq need not be reminded that his only son was drowned several years ago; and that, as he has since disinherited all his daughters for abandoning themselves to their matrimonial inclinations without his consent, he is, to all intents and purposes, childless, and, therefore, incapacitated for discharging the debt of nature."

What else could you expect.

It was feared at one time that the rebels would gather all the Red Men of the Territories under their flag. The Commissioner of Indian affairs who returned to Washington last week holds out, however, a more promising prospect. From his report we learn what we had already more than half believed, viz: that the Confederate Army has Nary Red.

"Will not Wash."

Despatches from Missouri state that Ben. McCulloch was making preparations for scouring the Osage country. This, however, is not very reliable; as the Confederates are not supposed to be particularly well off for soap.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

WITHOUT going into the details of artillery practice, which, in theatrical parlance, may be termed the heavy business of the drama of war, we will touch lightly the more familiar and homely features of it, such as the caisson, the spherical case, the trunnion, the BORMAUR fuze, the limber, and the true windage. Of course, there is a good deal of importance to be attached to the pendulum hausse, the fuze-gouge, the prolonge, the trajectory, and the Shrapnell; but to enlarge upon such ordinary arrangements would be only a reflection upon the mental sanity and observant habits of the reader.

When the awful silence of the night is burst into by the dreadful roar of artillery, whether from the insidious masked battery or from the mild brass howitzer planted out somewhere to announce a big thing in the way of a victory or a political triumph, then it is pleasant to think of the limber-chests, secure in the knowledge that they are constructed of white pine, and their contents carefully packed in tow.

Nor is it uninteresting to reflect that while the pieces of wood connecting the axle to the splinter-bar of the gun-carriage are termed Hounds, so may the gunners who bring the piece to bear be looked upon as Pointers; in coincidence with which it is remarkable that the conical part of the gun, in front of the reinforce, is called the Chase.

Of windage it is difficult to speak with anything approximating to lucidity. It has been defined, indeed, as "the difference between the true diameter of the bore and of the ball;" but, according to the following extract, from a daily paper, that definition does not cover the description of windage therein referred to:

"The enormous expense of regimental bands, under the recent arrangements in that respect, is occupying the attention of the Secretary of War. It is estimated that this item of music in the Union army costs the government nearly one million of dollars per annum."

By some authorities, indeed, this kind of windage is more appropriately termed bandage; a term which, however, has been objected to by the army surgeons, as an unprincipled appropriation of their phraseology. Jealousy such as this is much to be deprecated: it is calculated to bring the service into contempt, and deserves the severest kind of censure from the Secretary of War.

On referring to CASCABEL, who wrote an able treatise upon artillery about a century before the invention of gunpowder, we find the expression "a shot in the locker," from which it would appear that the ammunition chest was so termed at that early period. It is CASCABEL who tells us how a government contractor of his day was blown from the mouth of a cross-bow by order of the king on account of his having furnished spurious applejack instead of old Bourbon whiskey to the canteens. From the same writer we gather that the places of worship were defended with artillery in his time, for he devotes nine volumes to a consideration of the canons of the church. His works was very interesting.

The Great Eastern.

V. F. is sorry to notice that during the late troubles of this ship, the cook and baker were seriously injured. When V. F. took his celebrated excursion upon this leviathan, he came to the conclusion that there was no cook and very little baker on board; and he supposes that the whole-souled proprietors will now fall back upon their original idea that the cook is a superfluity in their ship, and the baker ditto, likewise.

A Green Field.

Mr. D. D. FIELD when he says that "the Slavery question is forever decided in this country."

MRS. ROSS IN NEW YORK.

EPISTLE 14TH.

October 4th, 1861.

MR. VANITY:—Ive ony got a minut ter write ter you. We hev bin in a commotion at my sons house all this week. A crowd of the Hampshire regiment gin us a call as they cum through the city ter go ter Washington. Hampshire is granit to the backbone! The sperit of our statesman DANIL WERSTER, fills the hul on um. They are for the Union, and nothin short ont. My son hed a table spred cleen across his hul house and enough ont ter satisfy the inner man. He hedent no sperits. He hed coffee that would bear up an egg. They acted as ef they was ter hum. I went in among um jest as they got through, they looked as bright as silver, sed I children, Ive a word ter say ter you, Ive got a mother's heart for the hul on you. Don't go ter shooting our Union men, don't go ter killin a rebbel that is down, take blessed good kear of your prisoners, remember they hev got mothers, and theres good hearts among um. But let um know that they can't hev the American flag ter tare ter tatters while the breath of life is in your body. Ef they see you are in arnest its ter be hoped theyl cool off, and find out that you are theyr true friends, that the North ant a set of marawders, but a set of hard workin Union lovin mortals. Ime ashamed ter own the North hev bin a letle carless about government matters, but I guess they wont be ketched in sich a spot agin. Men will go ter the polls in futer, ef they don't the women orter blot um out cleen out of theyr books. I shal for one! Massy on us! They all claped theyr hands and gin sich a yell, three cheers for Mis Ross! I gazed arter um when they went, my eyes was full of tears, and my heart beet like a trip hammer, I dident raly know where I was a standin. My son patted me on the shoulder, sed he mother, come, you hev done your part for the Hampshire boys, theyv gone off satisfied, now you must jest tend ter yourself, I must go along. He put a role of bank bills inter my hands, sed he, go down ter STUART'S and git a hul outfit for winter, and he gin Mis BISSEL a nod as much as ter say tend ter mother. He hedent bin gone three minuts when the door bell rung as ef somebody hed holt ont, and in popd jest the puttyest critier you ever laid eyes on. She was all of a teter, sed she Ime so delighted with your visitors, I hed ter cum right in and see who I hed got for my neighbors. She took a seat as friendly as ef she hed knowd us all our life. Sed she Ime Mis MAC FLIMPSY. We all opened our eyes; JEDEDIAH looked as ef he see a sperit afore him. She went on—I know you think I am an object of pitty, a simpleton, a perfect fool. (JEDEDIAH I see was tickled with her, the blunt critter come right out,) I don't bleve no sich thing Ime glad ter see you; you hev cum in jest the nick of time ter go a shoppin long of my wife; you sartainly must be a judge of dry goods. She tee heed right out. Sed she, I shopped enough for my life time, I ken stand it till the war is over ef it lasts seven year without gitting the fust thing. Sed she hed a good notion ter do with her close as the parfumery man on Broadway hes done, post on her door, "This stock ter be givin away for a few days only." She sot and chatted as ef she hed spooned out of the same dish with us all her life. We laughed all round, I never see a critter more ter hum, she got ter talkin about the war and she warmed up like a quarterly preacher. Sed she, how I do feel for the poor soldiers. The folly, and fashion, and extravigance of women has hed too much ter do in bringin on this war. (I *warmed* up a trifle at that.) Sed I, the men force the women on ter fashion, they are scared ter death for fear theyr mothers and theyr women fokes wont be dressed with the slickest on um. And massy! we corkesed it for a full hour, and JEDEDIAH sot and shook his sides a laughin, sed he dident know which on us would make the best lawyer.

Your obedient servant,

MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S.—I gin up goin down town for that day. The next mornin in come Mis MACFLIMPSY as bright and as chipper as a lark. Sed she Ive got DEMERISK'S fashion book, and its full of patterns, its just the thing, and she hild one pattern arter tother up afore me jest as handy as a real dressmaker. And the way she went on about economy and savin. Do this way, and that way, and tother. The long and the short ont was afore I knowd, she hed got me and Mis BISSEL sot down a rippin up my gownd ter moddle it over. And she was toe and toe with JEDEDIAH, he was a holdin on ter my sack and she was a rippin away for dear life, and JEDEDIAH was a swettin away like a blacksmith. So here it was rite afore me, one extreem follows tother. Mis MACFLIMPSY wants nothin ter wear.

M. R.

Tuscan Art.

The new photographs on ivory.

MR. BULLFINCH, AS HE APPEARED IN THE LAST UNEXPECTED WARM SPELL.

JOHN BULL AND MR. PUMBLECHOOK.

JOHN BULL somewhat reminds us of the gentleman who shed no little lustre upon the corn and seed interest in Mr. CHARLES DICKENS' "Great Expectations." We allude to Mr. PUMBLECHOOK.

That antique and obese humbug, it will be remembered, after vilely abusing PIP for a long time, suddenly became the most servile and toadyish admirer of that young gentleman upon his attaining opulence. The youth whom Mr. PUMBLECHOOK had ever before frowningly spoken to as "the boy as had been brought up by hand," all at once, when fortune smiled upon him, became an object of touching interest to the gentleman of the corn and seed traffic. "May I? May I?" and then he would most fervently grasp the hand of the late poor boy of the marshes, and fawn upon him in the most approved flunkey style.

JOHN BULL, who for so many years has been rolling his eyes ceilingwards in SLEEKLIKE horror at the bare mention of negro slavery, and who slobbered convulsively over the pages of Mrs. STOWE'S Uncle Thomas, now hastily changes his tune when he fears his supply of cotton may be cut off, and when he fancies, with a thickhead logic peculiarly his own, that the sick star of the South is in the ascendant.

See him fawn, and scrape and cringe before the Cotton Sepoys of the rebel States!

See him do the PUMBLECHOOKIAN-May-I business, and dispute us if you can, when we say that he is the most unmitigated old humbug now loose across the sea.

Mr. PUMBLECHOOK repudiated PIP in his hour of adversity. And JOHN BULL, far more treacherous and unscrupulous than the corn and seed dealer, will repudiate the South *in her* hour of adversity, and shame, and despair—an hour which is very near at hand.

Good Advice.

The *Memphis Appeal*, with tears in its eyes, bawls out: "Ho! every Southern man!" Well; we think you had better, if you want any corn-whiskey.

Amusing Intelligence for the Rebels

The Chicamacomical News.

Alabama "Blades."

We gather the following cheerful item from a late Southern journal.

"In Captain FAULKNER'S company, of Autauga, Alabama, about to start for Richmond, each man is furnished with a knife, the blade of which is nineteen inches long, and weighs two pounds and a half."

You could'nt have made those blades twenty inches, Captain, could you? Nineteen is such an awkward number of inches to have stuck into one, you see. But perhaps, each of your men is "just nineteen years old," and "can whip his weight in wild cats (or Yankees) in nineteen minutes." If so, the nineteen inches" are happy.

By the way, Captain, if you have not determined on a name for your company of "blades," allow us to suggest one. What do you think of dubbing them the Autauga KNIFE-AND-FAULK-NERS

Apropos of Driving.

Wanted, 50 Girls for the Country. 1 Man to drive. Also 50 Boys. Apply &c.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

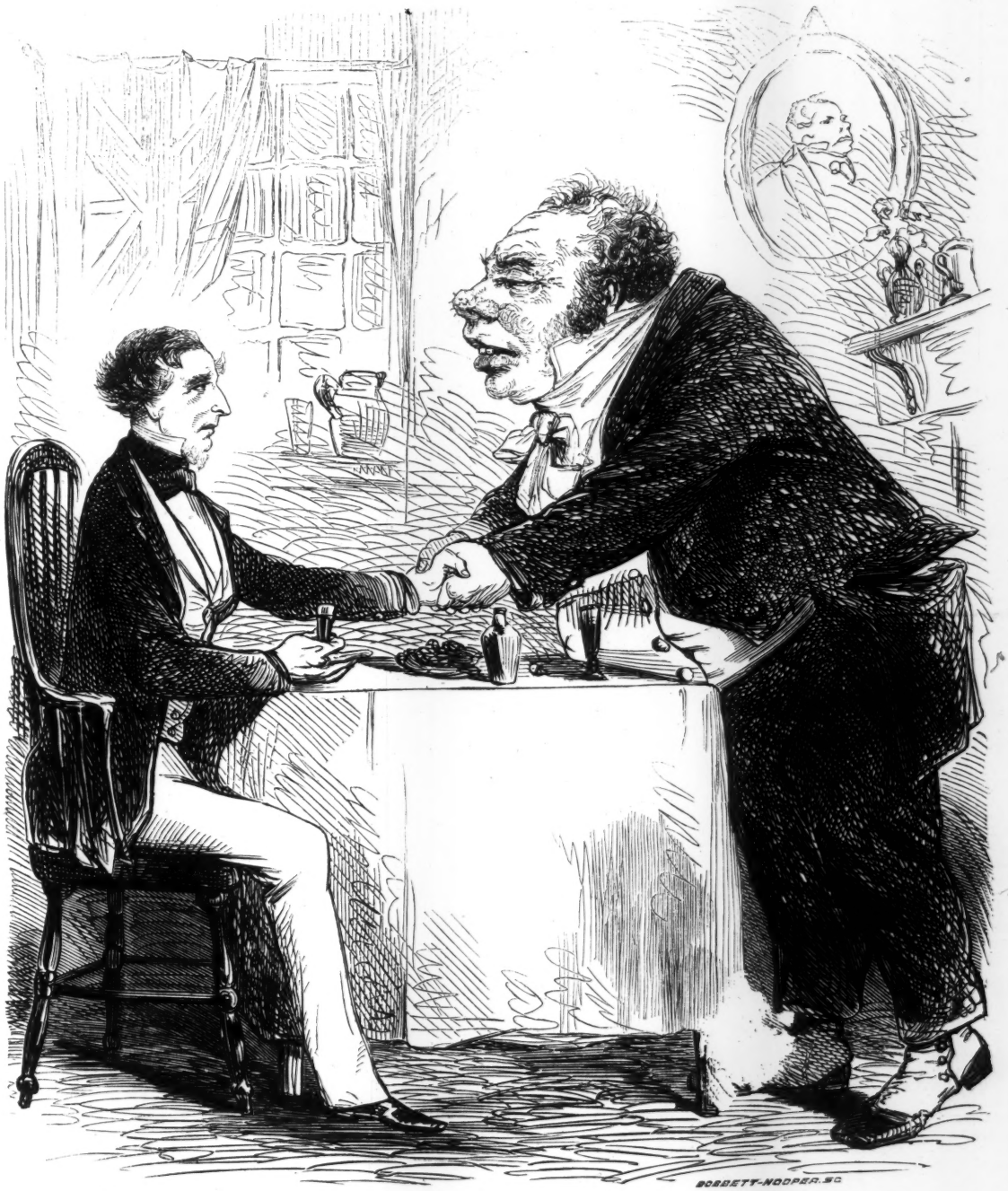
Preposterous! 50 Girls for the Country and one man to drive them! We fancy, forsooth, they must be tamer specimens of the sex than it is the wont of intelligence-office-holders to harbor.

Candor and truth would suggest a change in the advertisement, in this wise:—

Wanted 50 Girls for the Country. One Man to be driven distracted, &c.

In a very Bad Way.

The Richmond *Enquirer* of the 2d, says, "we have heard nothing from LEE'S and ROSECRANZ' commands on which we can rely." What a humiliating confession. Considering the singular facility with which the *Enquirer* has lied and re-lied on all sorts of information, as well as without any information whatever, on the subject of the war, to be obliged to acknowledge its inability to concoct one more whopper, must be painful. The *Enquirer* is evidently fearfully reduced.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

JOHN BULL PUMBLECHOOK AND PIP JEFF DAVIS.

J. B. PUMBLECHOOK.—"May I?—May I?"

THE TRIUMPH OF PHINEAS.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF MR. JEREMY DIDDLER.

High on a virtuous stage, that far surpassed
The first of WALLACK'S or of KEENE'S the last,
Or where, with dexterous hand and gentle face,
The very Devil reigned in Irving Place,
Great PHINEAS stood! Admiring crowds beneath,
Awed into silence, held pestiferous breath;
Save when, for no direct or special cause,
Exuberant virtue roared its own applause;
Or when, at mention of some high emprise,
The sudden clamor smote th' astonished skies,
And men went wild with noble joy to face
So great a Hero in so grand a place!

Deep was his mien, and deep his meaning too.
A "Juke" he looked, and sure he meant to Jew.
No jolly Bagstock ever wheezed a curse
With tougher conscience or with stouter purse:
No saintly Pecksniff ever waved the hand
With more, or less, the gesture of command:
No gallant Surface, rising with the mood,
So sweetly spake, or seemed to be so good.
Fair woman listening, smiled, and man with awe
Looked on this chaste exemplar of the law,—
The law, which, all to govern, all to bless,
The world, and PHINEAS, nominate Success,—
Looked, and as sev'ral subsequently said,
Beheld a kind of halo round his head!

And, in good sooth, there was sufficient cause
To stir ingenuous nature to applause.
Not any gas-light known in modern times,
Not EVERETT'S eloquence, nor TUPPER'S rhymes,
Nor DAY & MARTIN'S, ever shed its sheen
Upon a greener crowd, a softer scene!

Here, wreathed in fragrant knots, of many a hue,
The blooming counter-jumpers rise to view:
There, glittering damsels, dangerously inclined,
Set all their streamers to the fætid wind:
Here, yards of family extend along,—
The heavy fathers looming stout and strong:
There,—Nature's gems, the City's pride and praise,
Bejewelled Hebrews lift their beaks, and blaze.
Here, ponderous Dutchmen sit, in earnest, down.
There, flimsy foppery reviews the Town.
The ample galleries overflow with noise,
With smoke and reek, with garlic and with boys.
On every side the oily sharpers sit;
With rural bumpkins steams the crowded pit.
A stray Policeman, keen among the blades,
Displays his buttons to the nursery maids,
While weeping childhood sees, portentous pass,
Celestial azure and infernal brass.
Latest and best, our happy eyes to bless,
Come the sweet drivellers of the Sunday Press.
Innocuous youths! vouchsafed by kindly Fate
To purge and purify the civic state;
The fine extremes of human wit to show,
How drams should trickle and how ink should flow.
As on the shield that old Achilles bore,
The silver waters kissed the shining shore,
So through the crowd these sparkling creatures roll,
And beat their feeble brains and puff the whole.

O'er all, the Hero, glorious to behold,
Loomed as for ISRAEL loomed the Calf of Gold!
Symbol sublime! to honor, which in fact,
The Hero rose, the Hero's house was packed.
Not simple GREELEY in his best attire;
Not simpler BEECHER, hurling brands of fire;
Not Mr. SPURGEON, when he gave three pence
To snub his reverend brother's common sense;
Not any leader of this cultured age
Ere looked so well the Pharisee and sage.

He lifts his hand—the house is all agog,
And silence deepens like a Boston fog.
He speaks—the manly voice at last is heard,
And listening robins swallow every word.

"My friends," he says, "since you in numbers come,
I lisp in numbers, beat my own base drum,
Blow my own trumpet, and desire to know,
What grander personage the time can show!"

My friends, the law of life is lust of pelf:
I am a showman: Let me show myself.
'Twill be pictorial. Use your ears and eyes—
Learn first of me—then go and do likewise!

I'm called a skilful gull, and that, you see,
If only known, is what I like to be.
I'm called a public swindler and a sham—
I don't dispute the phrases—so I am.
But which of all this crowd, I'd like to know,
A fairer credit at his bank can show?
A sharper, am I? Listen while I make
The gold and silver in my pockets shake!
Call you that "humbug?" What is merit then,
If not the solvence of the solid men?
Who talks of Manhood? What is that you say?
Why, Manhood, friends, is just the Power to Pay.
Who talks of Honor? Hush the vain pretence!
Honor is made of Dollars and of Cents.
Who talks of noble aims and honest deeds?
'Tis only Money in this world succeeds!
Money's the only end should be pursued;
It is the only Truth, the only Good.
That's the right doctrine for a country free.
And for its fruits, good people, look at me!

Who, for this many a year has gulled the town,
And led the asses up and led them down?
Who, by all arts that skilful Humbug knows,
Has pulled the public by its public nose?
Who, by all sickly and abnormal things,—
A creature now that grunts and now that sings;
Now some foul lusus of the human race,
To woman outrage, and to man disgrace;
Some hairy beast which ought not to be so;
Or something bald where hairs in general grow;
Some filthy brute that's human just the least,
Or, easier shown, some man that's like a beast;
Some bit of old ELIJAH'S falling robe,
Some bull not mentioned in the book of Job,—
Who by such arts and fashions, stones and stocks,
Has rocked your pockets, pocketing his rocks?
Lo, PHINEAS is the man! Let PHINEAS reign!
Alone he did it—and he will again.
His is the lofty mission to expound,
How smoothly money makes the wheel go round.
His is the charge—of five and twenty cents—
To spur ingenuous youth to high intents;
Open a shining door to all mankind,
And, when they've entered, bid 'em "go it blind!"

He ceased. He bowed. Beneath him in the box,
The bold conductor gives his prelude knocks.
With eager glance upon their leader's eye,
The brazen blowers lift their horns on high.
The little fiddler waves his regnant bow—
One long, long breath—a pause—and off they go!

Then fell the timid and ran off the brave!
Three cheers, they said—and rousing cheers they gave.
Loud rose the plaudits of the jewelled Jews;
The heavy fathers rattled in their shoes;
The counter-jumpers lent their feeble aids
To squeak in concert with the nursery maids;
The huge Policeman hustled out a boy;
The Sunday Paper critics reeled with joy.
On every side the echoes rolled away:
Exultant Wall street made responsive bray;
"PHIN," growled the bears, and "PHIN" the bulls replied;
"PHIN" said the fishes on the water side.
Fired at the sound and roused with all the fuss,
"PHIN" roared the lusty Hippopotamus!
Contiguous PETER heard him as he roared,
And shouted "PHIN," and waved his marble sword.
Through all the Park the glorious word went out,
And Justice heard it—but she did not shout.
Above that house of stone, the house of Wood,
Stern in her lofty loneliness she stood.
But when at last the foolish rout was o'er,
And Night and Silence slept on sea and shore,
This only from her scornful lips she hurled,—
"Justice is dumb when Humbug rules the world?"

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

First Wounded Artilleryman, to Second Ditto.—"AH! WHAT'S A BROKEN LEG OR TWO, WHEN YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND TO BACK YOU? FIRE AWAY, BILL!"

A "Right Merry Quip."

L., who made his fortune by professional gambling, among other things, was lately reported missing; supposed to have been lost on a yachting excursion.

"What rig was his boat?" asked STEERWELL of MANDEVILLE, who had just announced the melancholy maritime intelligence.

"Thimble Rig," replied M.

Boys, Beware.

The young men of the Provinces had best look out or they will soon find themselves preferred by the Government in the style most men prefer to have their Lager. It is perhaps needless to say we mean "On Draught."

"Material Aid" to the Rebels.

"Fears are entertained at Richmond," says an exchange "of a scarcity of wood." Let us send them BEN.

Uncle Sam to the Russian Bear.

"Give us your paw, ole fel, you're one of the right sort!"

What the South Cannot Do for This Country.

Conquer a Piece.

VANITY FAIR TO A CERTAIN YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN BROADWAY.

MY DEAR YOUNG SIR:—You will certainly be astonished at the liberty I take in addressing so stylish a person as yourself. But I see you so constantly on Broadway, you form so intimate a part and parcel of my daily walks, that I cannot think of considering you as a stranger, and shall not hesitate, therefore to speak to you because I have not been formally introduced.

I have known you now, my dear young sir, a little more than five months. You first flashed upon my vision in the fortnight that succeeded the capture of Sumter and the splendid uprising of the People of the North. You were attired, that sunny April afternoon, in a uniform whose gorgeousness my pen can scarce depict. What chiefly attracted my attention was your wanton prodigality in the matter of gold lace. Gold lace encircled your jaunty cap in triple folds; gold lace, in arabesque windings, twined itself about your youthful arms; gold lace distinguished your baggy trousers; gold lace careered up and down the front of your frimental coat, and for what I know, your shirt beneath was decorated with a frill of gold lace also. In addition to the gold lace the imposing button was yours. Likewise the polished sword-belt. Your sword clanked along the pavement after you in its glittering scabbard. You wore the heavy gloves of the bold dragoon, your hair were "oiled and curled like the Assyrian bull," to borrow a line from my old friend Mr. TENNYSON, and your moustache had such a fierce, swashbuckler twist that I constantly expected to see you rush madly at some poor little newsboy and chop his head off, or perform some other daring act of that sort.

Well, you made quite a sensation in those days. Pretty women peeped at you from underneath drooping eyelids as they passed you by and murmured approbation of your gallant and soldierly aspect. The men were glad to see you and take you by the hand because they thought you were going to give your aid to the country in its dark hour of peril and fight bravely on the side of the Right. Being an old-fashioned sort of fellow who has seen a great deal of all sorts of things, I, myself, smiled a little at your dandified ways but did not think any of the worse of you on that account. A month passed away thus. Every day you promenaded Broadway at the fashionable hour. Those who thought you already on the battlefield found you sunning yourself along the "shilling side"—all innocent of grime and gunpowder. Though surprised they still hoped. At last June came to an end but your Broadway strolls kept on. You were as radiant as ever, but the face you paraded on your way did not wear the same look of amiability as at first. There was a distinct shade of scorn in the smile of the pretty women now, and as for the men they looked upon you with evident disgust. I even think that the dreadful words, "Home Guard" were dropped once or twice in your vicinity. The newsboys also seemed to have lost all their former fears of you and did not scud incontinently away at your approach. In July you went to one of the watering-places, and I learn, came very near marrying an heiress on the strength of your "dashing young officer" style. At the close of the season you returned to the city. You parade Broadway as before, and I can see that at every turn you are regarded in a manner not wholly unconnected with contempt.

What I have to say to you, in conclusion, my young friend, is simply this: *Don't you think it is about time you took off that uniform?*

Yours, without much respect,

Vanity Fair.

MOTTO VERSES FOR FUNERALS.

Doubtless everybody has read samples of the prevailing style of Motto verses for funerals, to be found chiefly in the obituary columns of the *Herald*, and has been duly struck with the brief statistics generally woven into their hitching stanzas. Sometimes we learn from the poet of the hour that

"——— a cherub has fled
To the bright skies above—
JOHNNY TOMPKINS is dead."

Or that

"RACHAEL AMELIA, who promises gave
Of beauty and power,
Has gone to her grave."

Or that

"Our darling boy has left his home,
In fields of bliss for aye to roam."

Not long since the following efficient lines attracted our attention:

"Rest, little TILLY, 'tis the last breath I hear,
No more shall thy voice bring delight to my ear,
As when home returning to my arms you would fly,
Nor feel thy proud prance on my shoulder so high."

We respect the feelings of relatives and friends during times of affliction, and do not purpose, in noticing the effusions incident to bereavement, to trifle with the matter. In nine cases out of ten it is probable that the most distant relative or friend, among the many who always cluster around during the most sacred moments in family history, is the author of the comic or absurd sentimentalities that are published along with the advertisement of the decease. Sometimes the bereaved ones are not aware that an iambic memento of the dear departed has been produced until it meets their sight in print. Of course the distant relative or friend thinks he does an act that will at once soothe and flatter the more immediate friends, when he stealthily inserts his hack-work with

the announcement of the funeral. Candidly, we would advise this distant connexion, be he rural cousin or obscure civilian, to refrain from attempting anything like a funereal refrain hereafter, unless he be an acknowledged "born" poet, and not a manufactured bard. Foolish sentiments in loose English and tottering verse are about as offensive to good taste when the last Christian rites are to be performed, as would be an ill-shapen burial case, or a soiled and tattered shroud.

SOMETHING FROM THE BOTTOM OF A WELL.

EAR US! The *Herald* is growing honest!

We know that nobody believes it, yet. The reader is already curling his lips in scorn at the announcement, but look here: in the morning *Herald* of the 24th inst., we have found one little jewel of truth:

"THE STREET COMMISSIONERSHIP.—We perceive that those mischief-makers in general and local politics, the *Tribune* and *Herald*, have been recently engaged in attacking the new nominee to the Street Commissionership, Mr. SHEPHERD F. KNAPP. Now Mr. KNAPP is the son of one of the most efficient and patriotic bankers of the metropolis, etc., etc."

The *Herald* owns up, then!

It *is* a "mischiefmaker in general and local politics," is it? Everybody said so, ever-so-long ago, but nobody expected that JAMES GORDON would acknowledge it so pat and plainly. Has he fallen into his dotage, the canny Scot, and so grown honest?

After a little slavering of Mr. KNAPP (what has he ever done, that he should incur the praise of the *Herald*?) the paragraph ends thus:

"We trust that the political reporters of the papers that have abused Mr. KNAPP, will henceforth keep clear of the little, dirty street corner circles of grogshop demagogues, who are so ready to distil falsehood and calumny, and will confine themselves to a fair and honest representation of facts."

Now, in the *Tribune* office, where the house is always divided against itself; where the printers are always seceding; the assistant editors rebelling against Mr. GREELEY, and the reporters conspiring to overthrow Mr. DANA, this paragraph might easily have been thrown off by the minority party . . . say the GREELEY faction . . . as a dab at the opposition.

But in the *Herald* office, where JAMES reigns supreme, and is lord of the foul and the brute, it is passing strange. The idea of the political reporters of that paper keeping "clear of the little. dirty street corner circles of grogshop demagogues," is startling, They can't do it. They never did.

We fear, after all, that this is not honesty. It must be a mistake. The article in question must have been written for the *Times*, rejected there, and taken to the *Herald* for sale. It has indeed, a penny-a-line twang to it . . . a Bohemian, hack-writer sort of sound, as if it were launched for the *Times* "and a market."

All our fine dreams, then . . . our rare, sweet visions of an honest *Herald* . . . are dashed to earth. Be careful, JAMES, not to excite such fancies in future, for the awakening is bitter. When next you buy two-shillings' worth of editorial from an itinerant paragraph-monger, be wary enough to change the names of the papers to be abused therein, so as to exclude your own. Bless you, JAMES!

Theatrically Speaking.

As a star performer in the leading Drama of the day, MCCLELLAN seems likely to Make a Tremendous Hit.

REPORT OF C. S. A. COMMITTEE AT RICHMOND.

The energy and reckless liberality of V. F. has obtained for it, in advance of the sluggish daily press, a full account of an exhibition of the products of Southern industry and art recently held at Richmond, to promote the development of their domestic resources. We make some extracts from the report of the committee which awarded the prizes.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.—First prize to the Hon. A. H. STEPHENS for the novelty and ingenuity of his plan for securing a distribution of the bonds of the Confederacy, by giving them to planters in Exchange for cotton, the cotton being retained by the planters as collateral. Also for his industry in explaining to the people the illimitable pecuniary resources thus opened for the government without burdening the people. For this brilliant scheme the committee would recommend that in addition to the prize offered, the Hon. Mr. STEPHENS be presented with one of the said bonds, with full power to secure it by as much cotton as he can raise.

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENCE.—First prize to General MAGRUDER, for the splendid invention by which he extended the ægis of protection over the patriotic inhabitants of Hampton, and defended their friends from the assaults of the Northern Hessians.

Second prize to the North Carolina editor who discovered in the Hatteras musquitoes an efficient weapon with which to avenge on the minions of BUTLER their insolent invasion of Southern sandbanks.

Third prize to Governor FLOYD, for his expeditious process of rifling firearms, by which the South has been supplied with improved weapons.

The Committee confidently expected to bestow a prize on General PILLOW for his ingenuity in chaining the Mississippi. They regret that the aversion of that river to chains has deprived the General of the opportunity of exhibiting his invention. They would add that there is ample ground for suspecting the river of abolition sentiments, and would advise that a Vigilance Committee be appointed to investigate the matter.

DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE.—*Historical Section.*—The Committee have no award to make. After perusing General BEAUREGARD'S report of the skirmish of July 18th, they fully anticipated that his account of the battle of Bull Run would entitle him to a double first. Unfortunately, as they learn, the supply of paper having been exhausted, the General has been compelled to postpone the completion of that great work until the raising of the blockade.

Section of Fiction.—In this section the Committee are reluctantly compelled to decline making an award. The number of competitors has been so large, comprising most of the members of the Government, every newspaper editor and every war correspondent, and the claims of each so evidently well founded, that election became impossible, while to reward each would have exhausted even the immense resources of the Confederate Treasury. Honorable mention, however, is due to Mr. SECRETARY WALKER for his Montgomery speech respecting the Capitol and Faneuil Hall, as one of the boldest flights of fancy on record.

The fact that our friend Mr. RUSSELL is not yet a citizen of the Confederacy alone, prevents the Committee from recognizing his talents in this line as they deserve. His capacity of seeing behind him is a rare and valuable faculty, which the Committee would especially recommend as likely to prove particularly useful to our military men during the remainder of the campaign. They therefore recommend that the secret be purchased of Mr. R. at his own price, payable in bonds.

DEPARTMENT OF ART.—First prize to the Administration for the arts by which it persuades the people that they are struggling for liberty while surrendering freedom of the press, of speech and of thought; sacrificing peace and prosperity; and abandoning the civilization of the past and the hopes of the future.

Second prize to his excellency BERIAH MAGOFFIN, for an exhibition of high art in the advocacy of peace principles.

Third prize to General PILLOW, for an important contribution to the artistic resources of the Confederacy in his confiscated menagerie.

The vulgar industry by which the wants of daily existence are supplied being unworthy the attention of a high toned chivalry, no competitors in such departments have presented themselves, nor would they have been admitted had they applied.

All of which is respectfully submitted, &c., &c., &c.

Is This a Cut?

The *World* apologized about something or other last week, and ended by alluding to RICHARD GRANT SHAKSPEARE WHITE, as the author of the "Rejected National Hymns."